

Good Morning 601

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A Fish Fry for Sto. Bill Appleby

WE found your Father at home when we called at 36 Standfield Road, Dagenham, Essex, Stoker Bill Appleby, and after we got some news from him we went along to catch your Mother before she left work.

Both of them had plenty of news for you, the most important item being that Pam has left school and is working for a living. She is keeping on with her piano practice, and, says your Father, is getting on fairly well.

The R.A.F. seems to suit Harry, who is keeping very fit, as is Bernie, with the military police in Italy.

Your Father saw Lily recently



and reports that she is on top of the world. The same can be said of Kitty, Ronald and Nellie. So the family bill of health seems just about as good as it could be.

Your Mother is keeping a piece of fish frying for you, and until you are home to eat it, she and your Father will be thinking of you, Bill!

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

L. E. FAIREST is this week's Shop Talk guest writer.

Alfreton, lovely little market town in Derbyshire, comes into the limelight again—just as it did on October 4th last year, when it welcomed the crew of a submarine to a real swell "do." Remember, lads, the dinner, dance, and what'll you have?

Well, this time it was the sister village of Somercotes nearby that stole much of the limelight, because it comes in the Alfreton Urban Council area, and wanted to show the submariners that they, too, had a big part in the adoption of the submarine, and made possible through a grand war savings effort.

Therefore, in the Church Hall, bedecked with bunting, Chinese lanterns—must have been pre-war relics—and on the draped stage, two plaques to mark the adoption were exchanged by prominent personalities, while all the village people—men, women, children, and a stray dog and all—looked on breathlessly. It was a mighty occasion.

Vice-Admiral L. D. I. Mackinnon, C.B., C.V.O., vigorous, and favoured this district by sending with his breast covered in ribbons, to us a very distinguished sailor "led" the Navy, along with Lt.-Commander N. L. A. Jewell, he will present the plaque to new "skipper" of the submarine, our Coun. John Clarke, vice-

and seven members of the crew, chairman of the Alfreton Urban District Council.

In presenting the magnificent plaque to Vice-Admiral Mackinnon, Mr. W. F. Birditt, indefatigable chairman of the Alfreton Savings Committee, said for the money raised during the Warship Week the Admiralty had presented a submarine. Eventually, it meant the adoption of the crew of that submarine.

He added amid applause, "Tonight the Admiralty have again favoured this district by sending to us a very distinguished sailor—Vice-Admiral Mackinnon, and Lt.-Commander N. L. A. Jewell, he will present the plaque to new "skipper" of the submarine, our Coun. John Clarke, vice-



Lovely Derbyshire market town of Alfreton adopted a submarine, and here you see Vice-Admiral L. D. I. Mackinnon, C.B., C.V.O., and the "skipper," Lieut.-Comdr. N. L. A. Jewell, exchanging plaques with Councillor John Clarke, vice-chairman of the Urban District Council.

chairman of the Alfreton Urban District Council."

IN making the presentation, Vice-Admiral Mackinnon—his booming voice does not need a "mike," by the way—said he had joined the Navy 45 years ago, and one of the first things rubbed into him was punctuality. But he must apologise that the Admiralty did not seem quite so punctual as they expected the men to be, because it was 3½ years since Alfreton qualified to adopt a submarine. One reason was that the plaques were largely composed of metal, and metal had been greatly needed in making munitions of war.

He referred with gusto to the fine work done by the Merchant Navy, and by submarine crews, and, in a remark which found many echoing "hear, hears," he said that it had been proved by the British Navy that attack was the best form of defence in seeking out the enemy ships, and submarines, and sinking them.

Submarines—the first attempt to build one was in 1585—had been a powerful weapon and had done invaluable work for us in this war, and they were still doing it. It was a pretty hard and strenuous life in control of a submarine.

Presenting the "exchange" plaque to the Vice-Admiral on behalf of Alfreton, Coun. C. A. M. Oakes, added felicitations with the words, "May I, on behalf of the citizens of Alfreton, present to the submarine this plaque with the wish that her career in the future may provide a most brilliant setting for what I am quite sure is a perfect and flawless gem—Lt.-Commander Jewell." (Great applause.)

Responding, Lt.-Comdr. Jewell said he was grateful to be present. The plaque would be displayed prominently and would spur them on when required.

"We have heard a lot from the old crew of our submarine how much for them this town has done in the way of comforts and other things, and we have a record player, which, although we have not tried it yet, will bring us great cheer. I believe this swopping of plaques will bring us even closer together in the future. We hear so much about forgotten armies, but it certainly makes us realise we are not a forgotten part of a forgotten Navy! Our submarine in the past has had quite a good record—I do not yet know its complete record—but I do know that one of the things it did a short while ago was to pick up

a U.S. airman who fell into the sea on a bombing raid, for which the crew received from the Americans later a large portion of ice-cream. We will now try to do even better for you so that you may be proud of the submarine you have adopted."

THERE was not a dull moment during the whole night, and the local concert party provided songs, dancing, music, and hosts of other good items as a change from the many refreshments provided in the shape of sandwiches, cakes, etc., in the rear. These, by the way, were provided by Mrs. J. H. Hare, and many other members of local savings groups—and there was no shortage of sugar, either!

Well, only three of the original crew who kept the "date" on October 4th were there—they were sorry the grand team has been split up—but all the same they were mighty glad to be back among such hospitable folk.

I had the pleasure of meeting once again E.R.A. Tom Eales—they call him "Conger," and no prizes for knowing why!—and, with Irish Harry McCaighy, who still talks of the last marvelous time at Alfreton.

Charlie Fleming, another "old-timer," was a bit "under the weather," and arrived, but did not get to the new "do" in time for the opening, but hoped to do so later.

A.B. Eric Honey, a New Zealander, caused plenty of fun "back-stage" by his wit and general bonhomie, and his pal, Tom Hewitt, who has been in the Service two years, made a good foil for his antics.

Stoker P.O. Tom Langmead, from Croydon, missed the "do" last time because his wife visited him. But all the same, after what he heard when the lads got back, he wishes, in a way, that he could have been there, too. "Jock" Hare, another who had just joined the boat, was having a good "tuck in" when I last saw him.

But who was the one who got some quick personal promotion by strutting round in a certain high-placed man's headgear? He thought "borrowed plumes" suited him, but kept an anxious eye on the door, all the same!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

DICK GORDON talks to an English girl who went to Hollywood and found out for herself that all that Glitters is not gold—nor yet Honey

LIFE is not all honey in Hollywood, a British girl who has just made good there, tells Dick Gordon. . . .

"If only I were as wealthy as a film-star!" is what many people sigh. I know I did before I had the golden Hollywood opportunity offered to me. But since coming into what I used to regard as the "big money," I have been forced to realise that the bigger star you become, the bigger financial juggler you must be, too.

My salary isn't thought "big" according to Hollywood notions; £60,000 a year is the average salary of stars like William Powell, George Raft and Adolphe Menjou.

Unless the stars marry, taxation eats up a huge slice of their incomes. California has a law that half a man's income belongs to his wife, and a man with around £60,000 a year saves about £6,000 by paying taxes on two incomes of £30,000 each. The rate is lower.

I know several famous people who have married mainly for tax dodging; whether they've subsequently found love is quite another matter.

Federal and State taxes still rob a £60,000-a-year star of about £17,000. Cost of living rises as you become more famous, for if you're a star you are expected to live like one: in fact, it's part of the studio publicity man's job to see that you do spend money like water.

I'm thought mean because I manage with a housekeeper, a personal maid, a secretary, and a chauffeur. About five servants is the very least which you can pass as a star—and a male star would have a cook-housekeeper, a valet, a maid, a butler-chauffeur, and a gardener; perhaps a secretary, too.

He has to own at least three cars to be in the fashion—a saloon, a sports car, and a hack-car for studio work. Up-keep of a house and cars with average entertaining, costs £5,000 a year at least.

Then there are life insurance, property insurance, and things like that which never trouble the ordinary British housewife, costing an average of £3,000.

Many British girls have to contribute to national health and unemployment cards. I used to do so myself when working in London. But here benefit payments providing for unemployment insurance in the State cost £1,500 and £200 goes to what we call the "community chest," which looks after studio charities.

A film star is a public figure, fair game for all charity appeals. The star who can give away less than £300 a year is lucky. Garbo, with all her reclusive habits, heads Hollywood's charity lists. Mae West is also a charitable soul, and must spend thousands a year.

There is a tax on property, on personal property like jewellery, on radio sets, on cars, on your balance in the bank, on everything you buy. Another £1,200 goes that way.

The wardrobe of a star is worth about £3,000, and you can't replenish even necessities under about £400 a year. Stars don't go around in the glamor-

ous costumes in which they are filmed, it is true and off duty we wear next to nothing, as the Californian sun is so strong. But when it rains it rains in torrential downpours. And you can never wear the same evening gown twice if you want to be a success.

TRAGEDY. Zorina, the dancing star of "Goldwyn Follies," turned up at the premiere of a Dorothy Lamour film in the same gown as Norma Shearer! This seldom happens in Hollywood, and is nothing short of a tragedy! The gowns were sequin studded creations, and I spotted them at once. The hundreds of fans lining the pavements noticed it, too. That's one reason why one always pays top price for a gown—just to make sure that nobody gets one like it.

Entertaining at the very least costs £1,000 a year. A lot will spend more, and I tremble to think what some of the Bing Crosby house-parties must involve.

This bill for entertaining is not "whoopie," but just entertaining girlfriends in your own house. I need hardly say that all these stories of mad Hollywood parties are gross exaggeration.

Maybe you go horse-racing or to some of the gambling clubs to have fun—it's expected of you by the publicity man—and you never win. Allow a minimum of £1,000 for losses and cadgers for this out of your domestic bill.

You've done nothing but live, so far. Reckon that up, and you have £15,800 left. Out of that come personal expenses to your own taste, the upkeep of your property, and your savings.

For what little you get you must work very hard. The day starts as a rule about 7.0 or even earlier if you have a lot of make-up to do before shooting starts. There are long hours of arguments with directors, fashion experts, and business executives, in addition to actual filming.

And just when the day is over, and you're dying to go back and read to-morrow's script quietly in bed, the directors order you off to see the "rushes" of yesterday's pictures!

Everybody in Hollywood knows these troubles, yet thousands of "extras" drive around from studio to studio in hired cars (30s. a day) or old hacks they've bought for £10 from the junk shops, searching for work.

ALWAYS HOPING.

At 5,504 Hollywood Boulevard is the Mecca of all these job-seekers. It is the Central Casting Corporation, where thousands of cards, punched with holes, are kept and filed by electric machines. These punched cards represent all the out-of-work men and women. Holes are punched in appropriate place to denote blondes, dancers, character-players, height, type, and so on.

There are queues outside No. 5,504 every morning, hoping that the machines are running sorting out their cards because some film director has phoned for extras. Then, when it is obvious after a half an hour or so that there's nothing doing, they get in their old cars or queue up for the tramcars, and go back to their dingy lodgings to eat oranges—and go on hoping!

Would you change your life for that?

£60,000 a Year— But what a Life!

If you want the inside dope on newspapers—including "GOOD MORNING"—here it is in this TWO DAY TALE by O. HENRY.

CALLOWAY'S CODE

THE New York *Enterprise* sent H. B. Calloway as special correspondent to the Russo-Japanese-Portsmouth war.

For two months Calloway hung about Yokohama and Tokio, shaking dice with the other correspondents for drinks of 'rickshaws—oh, no, that's something to ride in; anyhow, he wasn't earning the salary that his paper was paying him. But that was not Calloway's fault. The little brown men who held the strings of Fate between their fingers been told in detail by the correspondents who gazed at the of the *Enterprise* to season their shrapnel smoke rings from a breakfast bacon and eggs with the tance of three miles. But, for battles of the descendants of the justice's sake, let it be understood that the Japanese com-

But soon the column of correspondents that were to go out with the First Army tightened their field-glass belts and went down to the Yalu with Kuroki. Calloway was one of these.

Now, this is no history of the battle of the Yalu River. That has of Fate between their fingers been told in detail by the correspondents who gazed at the of the *Enterprise* to season their shrapnel smoke rings from a breakfast bacon and eggs with the tance of three miles. But, for battles of the descendants of the justice's sake, let it be understood that the Japanese com-

mander prohibited a nearer view. Calloway's feat was accomplished before the battle.

What he did was to furnish the *Enterprise* with the biggest beat of the war.

That paper published exclusively and in detail the news of the attack on the lines of the Russian General Zassulitch on the same day that it was made. No other paper printed a word about it for two days afterward, except a London paper, whose account was absolutely incorrect and untrue.

Calloway did this in face of the fact that General Kuroki was making his moves and laying his plans with the profoundest secrecy as far as the world outside his camps was concerned. The correspondents were forbidden to send out any news whatever of his plans; and every message that was allowed on the wires was censored with rigid severity.

The correspondent for the London paper handed in a cablegram describing Kuroki's plans; but as it was wrong from beginning to end the censor grinned and let it go through.

So, there they were—Kuroki on one side of the Yalu with forty-two thousand infantry, five thousand cavalry, and one hundred and twenty-four guns. On the other side, Zassulitch waited for him with only twenty-three thousand men, and with a long stretch of river to guard. And Calloway had got hold of stroke," said he.

some important inside information that he knew would bring a code in the office—a secret he. "I'll try that. 'R' seems to be the oftenest used initial cablegram as thick as flies around a Park Row lemonade stand. If he could only get that message past the censor—the new censor who had arrived and taken his post that day.

Calloway did the obviously proper thing. He lit his pipe and sat down on a gun carriage to think it over. And there we must leave him; for the rest of the story belongs to Vesey, a sixteen-dollar-a-week reporter on the *Enterprise*.

Calloway's cablegram was handed to the managing editor at four o'clock in the afternoon. He read it three times; and then drew a pocket mirror from a pigeon-hole in his desk, and looked at his reflection carefully. Then he went over to the desk of Boyd, his assistant (he usually called Boyd when he wanted him), and laid the cablegram before him.

"It's from Calloway," he said. "See what you make of it."

The message was dated at Wiju, and these were the words of it:

"Foregone preconceived rash witching goes muffled rumour mine cheating game, style of hair? 2. What is the 'Bug Bible,' and why is it so called? 3. What is meant by 'crusted' port wine? 4. What does the daffodil stand for in the Language of Flowers?"

"Ever hear of anything like inverted alphabet cipher," said he. "I'll try that. 'R' seems to be the oftenest used initial cablegram as thick as flies around a Park Row lemonade stand. If he could only get that message past the censor—the new censor who had arrived and taken his post that day.

"None except the vernacular vowel, we transpose the letters that the lady specials write in," said Boyd. "Couldn't be an acrostic, could it?"

"I thought of that," said the m. e., "but the beginning letters contain only four vowels. It must be a code of some sort."

"Try 'em in groups," suggested Boyd. "Let's see—'Rash witching goes'—not with me it doesn't. 'Muffled rumour mine'—must have an underground wire. 'Dark silent unfortunate richmond'—no reason why he should knock that town so hard. 'Existing great hotly'—no, it doesn't pan out. I'll call Scott."

The city editor came in a

hurry, and tried his luck. A city editor must know something about everything; so Scott knew a little about cipher-writing.

"It may be what is called an inverted alphabet cipher," said he. "I'll try that. 'R' seems to be the oftenest used initial cablegram as thick as flies around a Park Row lemonade stand. If he could only get that message past the censor—the new censor who had arrived and taken his post that day.

Scott worked rapidly with his pencil for two minutes; and then showed the first word according to his reading—the word "Scejtzez."

"Great!" cried Boyd. "It's a charade. My first is a Russian general. Go on, Scott."

"No, that won't work," said the city editor. "It's undoubtedly a code. It's impossible to read it without the key. Has the office ever used a cipher code?"

"Just what I was asking," said the m. e. "Hustle everybody up that ought to know. We must get at it some way."

(Continued on Page 3)



QUIZ for today

5. What is the opposite of a mascot (i.e., a thing that brings bad luck)?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—George, Edward, Henry, Herbert, William, Richard.

Answers to Quiz in No. 600

1. Thimblereg is ornamental splicing, style of weaving, cheating game, style of hair?
2. What is the "Bug Bible," and why is it so called?
3. What is meant by "crusted" port wine?
4. What does the daffodil stand for in the Language of Flowers?

1. Siamese coin.
2. (a) A curved roofing tile. (b) a slipper.
3. An abject toady.
4. Comfort.
5. Small printing business.
6. Onto is not a word; others are.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



MOST pin-up requests we get are for Yank women, and on account of that the art department has plugged them. But for quite a while I have been agitating for more talent from these isles, and now a batch of letters support me. One guy wrote saying that one English girl's picture was worth a dozen American lovelies. Another regarded some of the very lush limbs of Hollywood as being just lumps of meat. He also went a bundle on home-reared molls.

So you've asked for English girls—you'll get them. Starting this month with four back-page paste-downs of home-grown, we will follow through just as much as your letters ask for. Fair enough?



BARELY a stone's throw from London's famous Leicester Square, with its cinema accommodation for ten thousand film fans at a time, is Britain's smallest and least-known cinema.

Its seating capacity is only six, and there is no ornamental facade or thickly carpeted foyer, and even if you offered a guinea for a seat you would be refused admission!

Yet every year millions of feet of film are shown to the most critical audiences in the country.

This tiny cinema is reached by a white-washed passage leading off Endell Street. It is just a small room containing a table and a few well-worn chairs.



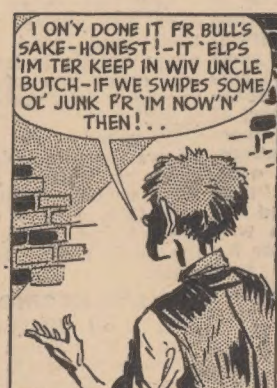
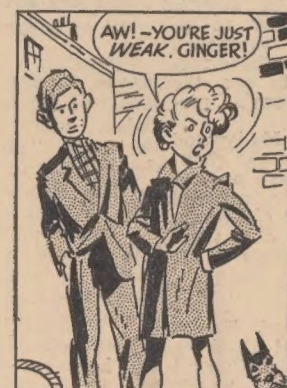
THROUGH glass portholes can be seen a full-sized projector. By special permission of the Excise authorities, importers may see films "in bond" before they have officially entered the country. And they can see them without paying duty.

A regular supply of films from America, Australia, Russia, India and elsewhere is shown at the cinema, which, besides being Britain's smallest, is also Britain's busiest.

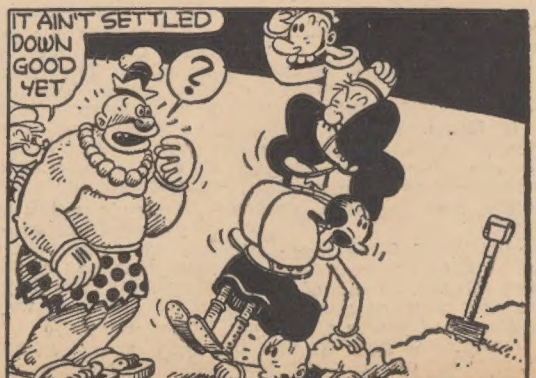
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—540

1. Behead a word meaning "close to" and get an organ.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? —Veern a lobis top hawdeet.
3. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The footballer heartily greeted his _____.
4. What town in Australia has O for the exact middle of its name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 539

1. Spare, Pears, Spear, Reaps, Pares.
2. Charity begins at home.
3. Read, dear.

JANE



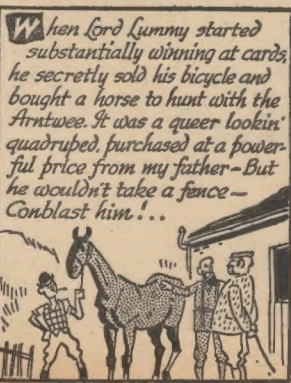
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CALLOWAY'S CODE

Calloway has evidently got hold had been on the paper twelve of something big, and the censor years. "Try old Heffelbauer," said wouldn't have cabled in a lot of the m. e. "He was here when chop suey like this."

Throughout the office of the Enterprise a drag-net was sent, hauling in such members of the staff as would be likely to know of a code, past or present, by reason of their wisdom, information, natural intelligence, or length of servitude.

They got together in a group in the city room, with the m. e. in the centre. No one had heard of a code. All began to explain to the head investigator that newspapers never use a code, anyhow—that is, a cipher code. Of course the Associated Press stuff is a sort of code—an abbreviation, rather—but—

The m. e. knew all that, and said so. He asked each man how long he had worked on the paper. Not one of them had drawn pay from an Enterprise envelope for longer than six years. Calloway



"Strewth! You're right! It is only a wrinkle in the blue-print!"

Park Row was a potato patch." a code live? Der reborters call Heffelbauer was an institu- tion. He was half janitor, half handy-man about the office, and half watchman—thus becoming the peer of thirteen and one-half tailors. Sent for, he came, radiating his nation- ality.

"Heffelbauer," said the m. e., "did you ever hear of a code belonging to the office a long time ago—a private code? You know what a code is, don't you?"

"Yah," said Heffelbauer. "Sure I know vat a code is. Yah, apout dwelf or fifteen year ago der office had a code. Der reborters in der city-room haf it here."

"Ah!" said the m. e. "We're getting on the trail now. Where was it kept, Heffelbauer? What do you know about it?"

"Somedimes," said the re- tainer, "dey keep it in der little room behind der library room."

"Can you find it?" asked the m. e. eagerly. "Do you know where it is?"

"Mein Gott!" said Heffel- bauer. "How long you dink

him a maskeet. But von day he butt mit his head der editor, und—" "Oh, he's talking about a goat," said Boyd. "Get out, Heffel- bauer."

Again discomfited, the con- certed wit and resource of the Enterprise huddled around Callo- way's puzzle, considering its mys- terious words in vain.

Then Vesey came in.

Vesey was the youngest reporter. He had a thirty-two-inch chest and wore a number fourteen collar; but his bright Scotch plaid suit gave him presence and conferred no obscurity upon his whereabouts.

He wore his hat in such a position that people followed him about to see him take it off, convinced that it must be

hung upon a peg driven into the back of his head. He was never without an immense, knotted, hard-wood cane with a German- silyer tip on its crooked handle.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

JOKE CORNER

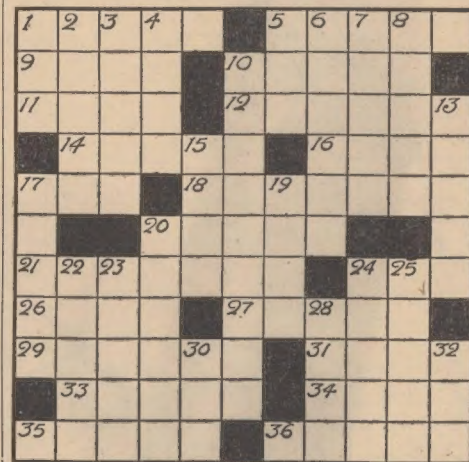
Kitty: "Why do you say these diamonds that Jack gave me are not genuine? You have no expert knowledge of dia- monds."

Mabel: "No, but I have of Jack."

Friend (to woman who nas just become a widow): "You look lovely to-day, really."

Widow: "You ought to see me to-morrow, when I'm in black."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Cat.
- 5 Drink.
- 9 Clever.
- 10 Small bird.
- 11 Name word.
- 12 Drinking vessel.
- 14 Fodder plant.
- 16 Portend.
- 17 Ate.
- 18 Hare.
- 20 Of ears.
- 21 Time signals.
- 24 Utter.
- 26 Aye.
- 27 Details.
- 29 Gems.
- 31 Sale articles.
- 33 Profit.
- 34 Satire.
- 35 With a twang.
- 36 Affected.

STANCE WEFT
POLO NEATLY
RAISIN SNAP
EDGE UPTAKE
A H TIER E
DUTCH TENDS
T REVILE W
CORONET SPA
EPIC LETTER
LINKED WOOD
LAGS THORN

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Bronze.
- 2 Over.
- 3 Spent riotously.
- 4 Inclina- tion.
- 5 Hint.
- 6 Girl's name.
- 7 Stage appearance.
- 8 Dodge.
- 10 Else.
- 13 Unimportant.
- 15 Guiding fact.
- 17 Sudden difficulty.
- 19 Very big.
- 20 Con- tinent.
- 22 Part of soft palate.
- 23 Puzzle.
- 24 Reek.
- 25 Moving.
- 28 In addition.
- 30 Folk-lore king.
- 32 Swelling.

TRUE OR FALSE?

King Can't Do Wrong

"THE King can do no wrong." We have all heard that popular phrase used at some time or other. Is it true?

The answer is that, theoretically, it is perfectly true, but that in practice there are severe limitations on what the King can do, and, in fact, he is denied some of the privileges accorded to the humblest of his subjects—for instance, the right to vote in a Parliamentary election.

In theory, and that is to say in law, the King is entitled to demobilise the entire armed forces to-morrow, sell every ship in the Royal Navy to South American States, and make a present of our aircraft to Switzerland!

He can drive his car on the wrong side of the road, ignore traffic signals, and knock down a dozen of his subjects without fear of being charged or sued.

He can pardon anyone sentenced by any of our courts, but there is legally no court in the country that can sit in judgment of him.

As the eminent jurist Maitland put it once, the King could shoot the Prime Minister in full view of the court and not legally be called to judgment.

But, as any study of English history shows, while in theory the King can do no wrong, in practice he may be exiled or executed.

We have now arrived at a beautifully balanced compromise between theory and practice, and it says much for the quality of our sovereigns over the last century that there has never been any real dispute over the legal and practical position of the King.

As with diplomatic immunity, privilege brings responsibility, and it is as inconceivable that the King should sell the Duchy of Lancaster (as he is entitled to do) as that he should disband his army overnight.

In fact, the boot is now very much on the other foot, and the "faithful Commons" have many practical checks on the King, such as keeping the army in existence only from year to year.

That the King can do no wrong, however, is not an empty phrase. It is an essential part of our largely unwritten constitution.

ALEX CRACK

A rich Jew's daughter fainted and the usual crowd gathered. Two sailors pushed their way through, and one of them started slapping her face to bring her round. The other sailor said "Give her artificial respiration."

The Jew said, "Give her the real thing. I've got tons of money."

Good
Morning

**RULE
BRITANNIA !**

Seems Britain's ships of the line and her submarines have been putting to sea with a super-cargo of American lovelies pinned to the bulk-heads. Orders have gone forth Britain must get a chance. Orders from submariners—the Ones That Must Be Obeyed, as far as this newspaper office is concerned ! So we've turned over a new leaf—and on it we find Diane, lovely lady of the radio. Her dulcet tones can be heard whenever David Miller and His Orchestra are on the B.B.C.

To Good Morning Readers
Love,
Diane